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POETRY.



TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY R. H. WILDER.

There's a luteful river,
In Erin's Isle—
Where the sunbeams quiver
In silvery smile;
Where the leaves that fall
Neath the autumn sky,
Grow gem-like still,
And such is the stream, by truth enlightened,
That leaves the breast by wisdom brightened,
And even the joys that the storms discover,
Are turned to gems that flow forever.
There's a darkling tide
In the Indian clime,
By whose herbless side
There's a sulphury slime—
To the flower that it touches
A scorching wave—
To the bird that approaches,
A withering grave;
Though are the waters of bitterness rising
In the desert bosom of dark disquieting;
And the birds of joy, and the flowers of feeling,
Must perish where ever that wave is stealing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cincinnati Mirror. LOVE AND MOSQUITOES.

"Good night, dearest Emma,—may angel slumbers be yours!"
Was the parting benediction of Jezabel Godfrey, Esq., as he rose from the sofa, gently pressing a lily white hand, and bowing his graceful person into the two sides of an equilateral triangle, departed. Mr. Godfrey was by profession, a Corinthian—a race of bipeds not very numerous in this goodly city of Cincinnati—with huge black whiskers, good phenological bumps, and the manners of a well bred gentleman. He loved fastidious clothes, Miss Emma's rent-roll, and himself, three things which so entirely filled up the little cavern of his heart, that he found it impossible to love any other object.
The fair Emma was not a beauty, nor a blue, nor a belle—neither a Di Vernon, nor a Lucy Brandon, but a right down clever, feminine, mischievous, pleasant, little sprite as ever chased a butterfly or broke a heart. Although just turned off eighteen, she had already turned off a brace of sighing swains; and whether it was her ditty and inclination to inflict the same calamity upon the star ascendant who had just made his bow, was the all important question which now occupied her mind.

For some weeks previous to this time, Mr. Godfrey had been more than particular in his attentions to the lady, his love apparently waxing hotter and hotter with the increasing hot weather. The fair one, however, with the instinctive tact which pertains to her sex, coolly but kindly preserved the even tenor of her winsome way, with that provoking non-committal address which more gentlemen than Mr. Godfrey, we opine, have encountered in their "labors of love." Bright visions, it is true, of domestic happiness, danced before her cavalier's imagination, which, ever and anon, caused him to draw his hand, with more than ordinary self-complacency, over his bushy whiskers; but still, he was wholly unable to recall to his mind any satisfactory evidence that he had yet penetrated the "enamel" of his Emma's heart.

The night to which this narrative refers, was one of those interesting hot ones, which are of no infrequent occurrence in the latter part of June. The fiery sun had sunk behind the western hills in its flaming glory, tinged with a flood of crimson and purple light, the white masses of vapor which hovered far up in the depths of the blue sky, presenting one of the most gorgeous sunsets for which this western world is unrivalled, and which alike defied the pencil of the painter, and the pen of the poet. Tint after tint, vanished from the clouds, as the bright hopes of youth disappear in the coming on of years; and as the gray and sober hues of twilight quietly stole upon this resplendent picture, the "chaste cold moon" with her vermilion rocks, blue lakes and vine covered forests of fir, arose in the east, and imperceptibly blended her silver rays with the fading sunlight of the far-off west. At this auspicious hour—the lover's favorite hour—our Corinthian made his wonted salutatory to his beautiful Emma, as she sat at the parlor window, watching the gray messenger clouds which were hastening towards the east, as if to welcome the opening of the queen of night. When the bruen tone of the town clock proclaimed the hour of eleven, the lovers were still at the window. Emma was unconsciously picking to pieces a beautiful bunch of flowers, while he, who had presented them, was saying, it is presumed, those

pleasant things, which lovers are expected to say on similar occasions. Of the precise tenor of the fair Emma's thoughts and feelings at this hour we have no special information; perhaps she could not have told herself, for such is the waywardness of the female heart, that even the sibiline leaves cannot always tell the "moment in love, when romance just mellowed into affection, without losing any of its luxurious vagueness, mingles with the enthusiasm of its dreams the ardent desire of reality." Be that as it may, the moment of temporary separation had come, and a conversation, in which, no doubt, poetry and passion, moonshine and musquitoses had been strangely mingled, was ended. Our gallant knight, invoking for Emma's pillow, those blissful slumbers of which we have spoken, took his departure.

The full round moon was now far up in the sky—a solitary light, here and there twinkled from a window—the streets were deserted, and not a sound could be heard but the echo of the lover's footsteps as he wandered he knew not whither. He was too happy to sleep—to romantic to retire to his chamber. He walked down to the quay and made sundry ejaculations to the moonbeams which were sleeping on the waveless bosom of the Ohio. He strolled up Main street to the canal, and perambulated the towpath as far as the lunatic system, thinking alternately of Emma and his whiskers. At last he bethought him of a serenade "neath the window of that sacred chamber in which his beloved was wont to weave and unweave

"The rich train of her amber-trooping hair."

True, he was unable to discourse sweet music on a lute, but he could sing, and what his voice lacked in melody, he hoped to supply it in pathos. Love is always impulsive, and in a few minutes Mr. Jezabel Godfrey, not beneath the window of his Emma's chamber, from which the dim light of her lamp was struggling with the light moonbeam. Why, thought Mr. Godfrey, has not that night-blossomed Ceruus sought her pillow? Is she sleeping? Is she not in love? These were the thoughts that came pleasantly and refreshingly upon his mind, even as the morning shower comes down upon the young corn in the thirty month of June.

For some little time after Emma and her lover had separated, she remained at the parlor window gazing on the stars, and thinking of Mr. Godfrey. Upon retiring she found the chamber window was open, the room alive with musquitoses, and that her maid had neglected to put up the bar which had that morning been taken to the laundress, in whose wash-tub it was, peradventure still reposing. Here was an awful state of things—for Emma had one of those fair, thin skins, of which all tasteful, gourmand musquitoses are particularly fond. She was moreover, somewhat tenacious of her beauty—what lady is not?—and the idea of having her face and hands covered with bites of these little insects was horrible—absolutely shocking. What was now to be done? She must either stand guard all night over her face, or dislodge the enemy from her tent. She resolved upon the latter. She remembered to have heard it stated by one of the lecturers in the Cincinnati Lyceum, before the demise of that institution, that the burning of aromatics would infallibly put to flight the most voracious army of musquitoses, and she mentally thanked her stars that a love of the study of natural history had carried her to the hall of science.

She accordingly took her wash-bowl, descended quietly to her parlor, emptied a decanter of "old Monongahela" into it—her father was not a member of the temperance society—then sought the medicine chest in the storeroom, and added a goodly portion of essences, among which, by mistake, she poured a few ounces of castor oil, and a vial of tincture of assafetida. She found a bunch of dried pennyroyal—her mother was quite a believer in the efficacy of herbs, if not in the "botonic system" of medicine—and this, the prudent Emma crumbled between her taper fingers, and dropped into the bowl. Thus fortified, with a compound worthy of Hecate, the valiant girl again sought her chamber, resolutely bent upon a war of extermination against her blood-thirsty enemies. She placed her bowl upon the washstand, and touched the oleaginous mixture with a lamp. Instantly, a low blue flame spread over the surface of the liquids, from which arose a wreathed column of odoriferous and nauseating smoke. Gradually the flame mounted higher and higher, and the odor of the burning compound became more and more offensive. The flames seemed likely to endanger the house—the smoke was producing a deadly sickness, when, at last, the frightened Emma seized the bowl, and turning quickly to the window, poured the blazing contents, which coming in contact with the air, instantly ignited throughout, and fell in a glowing sheet of flame. This most unfortunately occurred at the precise moment when the serenading lover, with eyes uplifted and mouth wide open, was giving melodious articulation to the lines—
"Look out upon the stars my love,
And stifle them with thine eyes!"

He saw, it is true, the fiery stream, as it emerged from the window; but mistaking it for the purple light of love, he "stood stock still," until he was enveloped in sheet of liquid flame. The note of song was suddenly changed to a loud shriek of agony, as our blazing Corinthian, fiercely pursued by the old watch dog, shot like a meteor through the rose bushes and bean-poles of the garden, leaving in his wake a lambent streak of flame.

The half suffocated Emma, alarmed at the fearful cry of distress that arose from beneath her window, stood gazing for a minute at the retreating apparition; but concluding

that her burning aromatics had fortunately startled a thief, she closed her shutters, and boldly braving the martial music of the murderous musquitoses, inclined her rosy cheek upon her pillow.

Early the next morning, the tonsorial apparatus of Mr. Caleb Lingo removed the last vestige of the singing serenade's expanded whiskers; and, thus shorn of these cherished ornaments, he passed up to the Cincinnati eye infirmary, for an operation upon his ophthalmic organs.

The torch of hymen now lights the pathway of Emma, but Jezabel Godfrey, Esq., still wanders in
"Bachelor meditation fancy free."

From the Globe.

LAND OFFICE INSTRUCTIONS.

The following Circular from the Commissioner of the General Land Office to the Registers and Receivers of the several District Land Offices, is published by request, and it may subserve the interests of the community immediately interested in Public Land sales, if the same were published generally by editors in the Western and Southwestern States.

CIRCULAR TO REGISTERS AND RECEIVERS OF THE U. STATES LAND OFFICES.

GENERAL LAND OFFICE.
January 1, 1896.

Gentlemen: The oath prescribed by the fourteenth clause of the circular letter from this Office, bearing date the 22d of July, 1894, is hereafter to be dispensed with.

2d. The oath prescribed by the circular letter of 2d October, 1893, in reference to the location of military Land script, which the law provides shall not be located on any settled or occupied land, "without the consent of such settlers or occupants as may be actually residing on said lands at the time the same shall be entered or applied for," is to be continued in force.

3d. Where individuals who have availed, or shall avail themselves of the privilege of the Act of 5th April, 1832, in the location of one or two quarter quarters of a section, or fractional section, (on taking the affidavit prescribed in pursuance of that Act,) shall cause to be left in such section, or fractional section, one or more of the minute subdivisions of quarter quarters, (being lots of forty acres more or less,) which would not have existed as legal subdivisions without the previous and direct operation of the privilege conferred by the Act aforesaid, such residuary lot or lots, necessarily so remaining, by the cause stated, are to be treated as tracts subject to entry by any applicant, except the purchasers who have caused this minute subdivision, and availed themselves of the Act aforesaid, by entering two of such small tracts; the Act which granted them this new privilege having confined it to the maximum quantity of two quarter quarters. And such residuary tract or tracts may be entered by such other persons without restrictions as to quantity, and without the affidavit required in cases of original entry under the Act aforesaid.

4th. In all cases where you have occasion to make inquiries, or to forward documents, having reference to particular tracts that have been purchased, the date of purchase, and number of the Register's certificate, should be stated.

5th. Where an individual may wish to purchase, on the same day, several tracts of land, they may all be designated in one certificate of purchase; but, in such cases, there must be only one application and one receipt, each bearing the same number as the certificate of purchase.

6th. No certificate should be issued to an individual in trust for another. The certificate can be issued to the trustee in his individual capacity, and he can be held responsible under bond; or the certificate may be issued directly to the individual for whose benefit the land is intended.

7th. When applications are made for repayments on enormous entries, they should in all cases, be in writing, and be signed by the purchasers themselves, describing the tract on which the repayment is to be made, and the amount to be refunded.

8th. Where lands may be entered by corporations, authenticated copies of the acts of incorporation should in every case accompany the certificate of purchase.

9th. Whenever you have reason to believe that any tract or tracts in your district, heretofore offered at public sale, may have been improperly withheld from private entry, in consequence of errors in your books, or in marking the sales upon your maps, or from any other cause whatever, you will seek information from this office in relation to such cases; and if it should then appear that the lands have been thus erroneously withheld from private entry, you are particularly required to give notice of the fact by public advertisement in the most convenient newspaper, and to be put up in the most suitable places, setting forth, that, at a particular hour and day, therein to be mentioned, you will be prepared to receive applications to enter the lands designated in such notice. This notice should be given at least thirty days before entries are to be received; and in no event will you allow any such lands to be entered or located before the expiration of the time thus prescribed.

10th. For expenses attending the transportation of specie to the place of deposit, Receivers are requested to produce vouchers supported by their own affidavit that the charges are reasonable. If the specie be transported by an agent, his affidavit as to reasonableness of the charge will be considered sufficient, if sustained by the Receiver's own certificate that he believes the same to be fair and just.

11th. It would not be surprising if some

discontent should be manifested by purchasers in your district, on account of the delays of their patents, and of answers to their communications, and that they should attribute their disappointment to neglect and inattention in the General Land Office. Persons at a distance cannot be expected to know all the causes of these delays; and individuals who may feel aggrieved in the premises, are considered to have some right to satisfaction on this head. You are therefore requested to explain, as occasions may offer, that the vast increase of the correspondence of this office, which, as may be naturally expected, accumulates in the ratio of the augmenting sales, and the enhanced value of the public lands, and the innumerable points on which decisions are called for in every branch of duty in this office, cannot possibly be met under our existing organization in such a manner as to afford universal satisfaction. Delays, with all the inconveniences resulting from them to individual interests, must exist, as of inevitable necessity; inasmuch as only a small minority of the force of the office can be allotted to the multiplied subjects of correspondence which are every day increasing, whereas, to effect an immediate action on all subjects involving correspondence with the officers and individuals in all the States and Territories concerned in the public lands, would, at this time, occupy the exclusive attention of the whole of the regular force of the office, which it is impossible to give.

You can assure those who may communicate to you their complaints, that with every disposition to serve them promptly in the line of duty, the office must, of necessity, await the means of enabling it to accomplish all the objects which perhaps public expectation demands.

I am, very respectfully,
Gentlemen, your obedient servant,
ETHAN A. BROWN,
Commissioner of the General Land Office.
To the Register of the Land Office,
and Receiver of Public Moneys, at

(From the Louisville Journal.)

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

The chief difficulty with which the friends of our democratic constitution have had to contend during the present administration has been an blind and invincible faith in the popularity of Gen. Jackson. Doubtless that popularity was very great, but it was this pervading faith, which, more than anything else, paralyzed and defeated the efforts of the opposition.—Happily the spell is now broken. The total failure of Gen. Jackson to transfer the people of his State, where more than any where else he is idolized, to Van Buren, has opened the eyes of the politicians of all parties. The elections and proceedings in the States of Alabama, Mississippi and Illinois, have tended towards the same result. The leaders of the Van Buren party no longer will claim a majority for that Gentleman. All the energies of their presses are exerted against the election of President by the House of Representatives; by which course they acknowledge, that Van Buren is in a minority. We no longer see any boastful calculations, showing that he will get a majority in the electoral colleges. The only hope is to produce a popular prejudice against the mode of election by the house. This attempt will, of course, fail: the people have chosen that mode of election in order to declare their will—in order to defeat the election of Van Buren.

Last any one forgetting that Martin Van Buren & not Gen. Jackson, is before the people as a candidate for the Presidency, should still despair of overthrowing the Ruckeries, we submit the following estimates, the first taken from the Frankfort Commonwealth, and the second from the Lynchburg Virginian.

HARRISON.	WHITE.
Pennsylvania, 30	Virginia, 23
Maryland, 10	N. Carolina, 15
Delaware, 3	Tennessee, 15
Ohio, 21	Alabama, 7
Kentucky, 15	Mississippi, 4
Indiana, 9	Georgia, 11
Illinois, 5	Maryland, 4
S. Carolina, 11	Louisiana, 4
104	84

VAN BUREN.	WEBSTER.
New York, 42	Vermont, 13
N. Hampshire, 7	Massachusetts, 14
Maine, 10	Connecticut, 8
Rhode Island, 4	
New Jersey, 8	29
74	*Doubtful.

FOR JUDGE WHITE.	FOR GEN. HARRISON.
Virginia, 23	Pennsylvania, 30
North Carolina, 15	Maryland, 10
South Carolina, 11	Kentucky, 15
Georgia, 7	Indiana, 9
Alabama, 4	Ohio, 21
Mississippi, 4	
Louisiana, 4	5
Tennessee, 15	FOR MR. WEBSTER.
Missouri, 13	Massachusetts, 14
Illinois, 5	Connecticut, 8
	Rhode Island, 4
	Vermont, 13
	New Jersey, 8
	Delaware, 3
	7
	44
	59

The apparent differences in the above estimates do not vary the general result. They chiefly arise from the uncertainty, whether certain States will vote for Gen. Harrison or Judge White.

Calculations similar to the above, have appeared lately in various public journals. There is no question of their general accuracy. Whatever doubt may exist as to the comparative strength of White and Harrison there can be none, that Van Buren, if he gets into the House at all, will do so by a much smaller vote than his competitors will receive.

MARRIAGE.—A man should marry by all means, yet I am convinced that the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion which I give as coming from myself, it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and not encountered, ostensible, any very great misfortune as loss of health, riches, children &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I had never any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this, I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact; there is certainly something wrong in the constitution of society; the times are out of joint. It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is considered their own inclinations. Doctor Johnson once proposed to have all matches made by the Lord Chancellor, affirming that the amount of happiness would be as great as is produced by the actual system. I believe him. The deceptions which the two sexes practice on each other brings into the Temple of Hymen as many ill assorted couples as could be joined by the arbitrary pairings of a legal matchmaker. Many a man thinks he marries from choice, who only marries by accident. In this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.

Lord Byron's Conversations.

PLAIN AND PITHY REMARKS OF OLD HUMPHREY'S ON FITS.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself; and I dare say you are also; so now for my prescriptions.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of the jail, and you will be convinced.

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard, and read the grave stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the earth your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind & visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders no doubt will find them; while he who looks for flowers, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE MIND.—A gentleman in Yorkshire many years ago, who was first stupified, afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live—he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to or notice any body in the house for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense, appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the patients pass by his door to their common room he accosted them, "Good morning to you all, gentlemen, I am quite well, and desire that I may accompany you." In two months more he was dismissed cured.—Sir H. Hallford.

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the god natured man into an idiot & the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

AN ERRATUM.—Miss Fudge in her history of the Fudges in England, just published, says, that
"Though an angel should write, 'tis devils must print."

And gives the following instance of the havoc made by the printer in one of her effusions:
But a week or two since in my Ode upon Spring, Which I meant to have made most beautiful thing,

Where I talked of the "dew drops from freshly blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly blown noses."

The crow flies at the rate of 22 miles an hour, the hawk 42, the eagle more than 60. A hawk once flew from Fontainebleau, and was caught 24 hours after at Malta; thus travelling 1,000 English miles or 42 miles an hour, and more than 3,000 feet a minute.

"Sir," said a collector, to a person who had borrowed several books of him and never returned them, "I presume you find it much more easy to retain my books than what is contained in them."

THREE REASONS FOR NOT LENDING.—"Hallo, Bill, lend me your penknife!"
"I can't—I have't got any! besides I want to use it myself!"

TWENTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—1st Sess.
Mr. CALHOUN's speech in the United States Senate on the subject of our relations with France.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY JANUARY 18.

Mr. CALHOUN rose as Mr. BUCHANAN took his seat.

I rise (said Mr. CALHOUN) with feelings entirely different from those of the Senator from Pennsylvania. He said he never listened to any message with greater satisfaction than the present. That which has excited agreeable sensations in his breast, I have heard with the most profound regret. Never did I listen to a document with more melancholy feelings, with a single exception—the war message from the same quarter a few years since, against one of the sovereign members of this Confederacy.

I arrived here (said Mr. C.) at the beginning of the session, with a strong conviction that there would be no war. I saw, indeed, many unfavorable and hostile indications; but I thought the cause of difference between the two nations was too trivial to terminate so disastrously. I could not believe that two great and enlightened nations, blessed with constitutional governments, and between whom so many endearing recollections existed to bind together in mutual sympathy and kindness, would, at this advanced stage of civilization, plunge into a war for a cause so frivolous. With this impression, notwithstanding all I saw and heard, I still believed peace would be preserved; but the message, and the speech of the Senator from Pennsylvania, have dispelled the delusion. I will not undertake to pronounce with certainty that war is intended, but I will say, that if the recommendations of the President be adopted, it will be almost inevitable.

I fear (said Mr. C.) that the condition in which the country is now placed has been the result of a deliberate and systematic policy. I am bound to speak my sentiments freely. It is due to my constituents and the country to act with perfect candor and truth on a question in which their interest is so deeply involved. I will not assert that the Executive has deliberately aimed at war from the commencement; but I will say, that, from the beginning of the controversy to the present moment, the course which the President has pursued is precisely the one calculated to terminate in a conflict between the two nations. It has been in his power, at every period to give the controversy a direction by which the peace of the country might be preserved, without the least sacrifice of reputation or honor; but he has preferred the opposite. I feel (said Mr. C.) how painful it is to make these declarations; how unpleasant it is to occupy a position which might by any possibility be construed in opposition to our country's cause; but, in my conception, the honor and the interests of the country can only be maintained by pursuing the course that truth and justice may dictate. Acting under this impression, I do not hesitate to assert, after a careful examination of the documents connected with this unhappy controversy, that, if war must come, we are the authors—we are the responsible party. Standing, as I fear we do, on the eve of a conflict, it would to me have been a source of pride and pleasure to make an opposite declaration; but that sacred regard to truth and justice, which I trust, will ever be my guide under the most difficult circumstances, would not permit.

I cannot (said M. C.) but call back to my recollection the position which I occupied twenty-four years since, as a member of the other House. We were then, as I fear we are now, on the eve of a war with a great and powerful nation. My voice then was raised for war, because I then believed that justice, honor, and necessity demanded it. It is now raised for peace, because I am under the most solemn conviction that by going to war we would sacrifice justice, honor and interest. The same motive which then impelled to war now impels to peace.

I have not (said Mr. C.) made this assertion lightly. It is the result of mature and deliberate reflection. It is not my intention to enter into a minute examination of that unhappy train of events, which has brought the country to its present situation, but I will briefly touch on a few prominent points beginning with that most unfortunate negotiation which seems destined to terminate so disastrously for the country.

From the accession of the present King, his Ministry avowed itself favorable to the settlement of our claims. It could scarcely be otherwise. The King had just been raised to the throne, under a revolution originating in popular impulses, which could not but dispose him favorably towards us. Lafayette, at the time, possessed much power and influence, and had greatly contributed to elevate Louis Philippe to his present station. His feelings were known to be decidedly favorable to us. But with all this favorable inclination, the Ministry were fearful of concluding a treaty. They dreaded the Chambers; they knew how odious all treaties of indemnity were to the entire French nation, and how difficult it would be to bring the Chambers to agree to make an appropriation to carry a treaty of indemnity into effect, even with our country. With these impressions, they frankly stated to Mr. Rives, our Minister, that the difficulty was not with them, but with the Chambers; that if a treaty were made, it could not be carried into effect, without a vote of appropriation from the Chambers; and it was very doubtful whether such a vote could be obtained. These declarations were not made once, or twice; they were repeated again and again, throughout every stage of the negotiation, and never more emphatically than in the